

The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

The Threat of "Little Wars"

THERE is plenty of amateur and professional speculation as to Soviet Russia's next move, but the desperate nature of the holding action in South Korea tends to rivet attention to that embattled land. The day by day exploits of American troops in the face of the relentless pressure of the ably-led North Koreans crowd out the wider connotations of that war—both in relation to the Russian drive against the United States and to the stake which other peoples have in the outcome.

That the United States has more at stake than any other nation cannot be denied, at least as far as material things are concerned. The freedoms which are the most dynamic ingredients of the American dream, however, are enjoyed to greater or lesser degrees throughout the West. And certain European countries boast a more positive historic tradition than we have developed in this country.

It is also our ambition to deliver the peoples in less developed areas from the penury and servitude which now deprive them of their full estate as human beings. Such values are the real stakes of the Korean War and the global conflict of which it is a constituent part. All nations have a stake in the outcome.

In the terms of power, only the United States stands between the USSR and the many peoples the Russians threaten to take over. Only the might of the United States holds out any hope to the men and women who are already subject. So that resisting aggression on the distant shores of Korea, primarily in our own interest, we are defending the other free nations of the world.

Yet America's industrial potential, our vast superiority in steel and oil production and the new weapons we expect to have in effective quantities—in conjunction with US manpower—do not mean that our role should be to take on the USSR alone.

There is the danger that other "little wars"

will break out in Southeast Asia, Turkey or Iran, the Balkans or even Germany itself. Obviously we cannot be everywhere in force simultaneously. And if in each case the Russians succeed in persuading others that it is a local fight against American imperialism, the widespread desire for neutrality will carry the day; in many lands there will no longer be a will to resist enslavement.

The Korean War happens to present a propitious occasion for rallying the forces of the other nations. The unanimity required in the UN Security Council for action on "substantive" matters was attained on Korea through Russian abstention. And, in addition, over fifty member nations have approved the condemnation of North Korean aggression and the dispatch of American forces to the scene. Mr. Lie's appeal to these nations for ground forces has not yet met with an impressive response, but the war is taking on an increasingly international character. Australian, British and Dutch air and naval operations are already being coordinated under General MacArthur's official UN command. Thailand has offered to send troops; the Philippines permits volunteers to join up. Hospital units have been promised by the Scandinavian countries. General MacArthur's report to the Security Council on the first four weeks of the fight further emphasizes the international character of the war.

FOR the moment the hitherto supine UN gives hopes of becoming the effective world organization which was in the minds of some of its designers. Moreover, President Auriol of France, among others, is now calling for the creation of a permanent international police force—strong, mobile and strategically placed enough to discourage other "little wars."

Unhappily we cannot currently supply thousands of "superbazookas" all along the USSR periphery. And to prevent the flaring up of "little wars" in other strategic sectors in coming

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• NEXT WEEK •

In writing of "Chile's Social Unrest," EDUARDO FREI tells how the economy of his country has changed in the course of the twentieth century.

The dominance of farming, which was organized on a patriarchal, if not feudal, basis, gradually gave way as copper, nitrate and coal mines developed. So that today modern industry has an important place in the national economy. And "it is curious to note that in those mining centers where, comparatively for Chile, the best living conditions exist, Communism is strongest."

months the world also needs substantial local garrisons—preferably commissioned by the UN. An effective UN police force would also involve a well-equipped, highly mobile striking force ready to move anywhere against any aggressor.

If the opportunity which the fact of the desperate Korean War presents is fully grasped, we can set up an effective pattern for international police action against an aggressor. Except for the South Koreans, the contributions of most of our allies would necessarily be of a token order until a major counter-offensive is built up. But that we are undertaking international police action, authorized by the United Nations, cannot be overemphasized. Meanwhile the task of building up a permanent UN police force must vigorously proceed with our encouragement.

Not only would this work against any Russian strategy of bleeding the United States white through a series of "little wars" started by satellites, but it would be one effective means of preparing for a big showdown if that is imminent.

Rather More Guns

THE epidemic of sinking stomachs felt throughout Europe at the explosive start of the Korean war now seems well over. And it even seems that the mild malaise and addiction to neutrality reported in that part of the world these recent months, is also diminishing. The recovery undoubtedly partakes of the same relief the very fact of *action* produced in this country, but the basic reason is more likely the strong medicine of seeing facts for what they are. Only then can strong steps be taken and strong hopes justified.

If Russia's intentions are plain, it is also plain now that there is nothing in Western Europe to block the Soviets if they chose to move today. Unless crippled by the atomic bomb, they could be in Dublin in a month. Western Europe has less than 12 combat divisions, and the United States can offer little immediate help in terms of troops. The Korean affair has already reached a scale comparable to the North African campaign of the last war.

The United States can take on that bleeding commitment in Korea, but any more satellite engagements just now could be fatal diversions. The overshadowing fact is that Russia is the

aggressor, and our main purpose is to defend against her.

So the leisurely arming of Europe is now to be urgently speeded. The new American Atlantic Pact deputy, Charles M. Spofford, gave the North Atlantic Council a plan for immediate increases in arms production and expansion of European armies. Mr. Truman's ten billion for American defense has set the pace. Britain is to follow. One estimate says that Mr. Truman will ask for ten billion more to aid the Europeans, this in addition to the one and a quarter billion Congress has just approved. The added aid depends on what comes out of the London conference. If our Atlantic allies take equally forceful (and unpleasant) military steps, Congress will surely approve aid on a grand scale.

The *London Observer* was amazingly British about it all—"rather more guns and rather less butter," it explained. The problem second only to that of raising a formidable defense will be how many guns as against how much butter. Economic reconstruction will have to be limited, but it could prove very unwise to divert Marshall Plan funds from over-all reconstruction to munitions production, and that is precisely what some Senators are talking about.

To defend Western Europe, our main objective, all of Europe will have to cooperate as it has never cooperated before. And it may be that here, as with the Franco-German coal and steel pool, the immediate necessities will force the enormously difficult and yet enormously simple problem of political unification. Is it *really* possible for a successful European defense to be built out of the separate national armies—even with a unified command at Fontainebleau—even "integrated" and "balanced" under the Atlantic Pact? That is a question which requires a truthful answer from the military men and diplomats of the Atlantic nations. Russia's breath is too hot upon our collective neck for anything to take the place of an effective command.

Some in Europe already say that nothing less will be sufficient than a complete federalization of the Atlantic military forces, with Germany and German arms production included. J.-J. Servan Schreiber of Paris' *Le Monde* says "the European public is much more willing to accept revolutionary changes than the European politicians recognize." It is pretty clear that revolutionary changes in the free world are no longer luxuries.

Gooks?

THE vocabulary of a fighting man, as most of us have learned one way or another in the last ten years, is nothing if not expressive. From the dispatches of correspondents in Korea who are recording the printable language now in vogue among the GI's, we gather that the standard word for a North Korean is "gook." Off-hand, since Webster isn't of much help in cases like this, we would assign the word to the same family as "goon" and "goof," both of which, in their fashion, convey the notion of subrational and subhuman characteristics in the human species.

We hardly need Webster anyway to tell us what the word means. Instead, we can simply fall back on the widespread American idea of the Asiatic: a yellow-skinned little man, with that well-known "mysterious, Oriental mind," who has a strange disregard for human life and who, so we have thought up to now, is generally a shuffling, sub-marginal creature with no savvy. Today we are told that the North Koreans keep wading into our machine gun fire with fanatic abandon. So to the GI in Korea, who came ashore there mentally equipped with our idea of the Asiatic, who are these fanatics but gooks?

True, the GI's vocabulary is expressive: it is expressive of that composite thing called "the American mind."

On another page of one of the newspapers that told us about the gooks, was a picture of a nine-year-old Greek boy boarding an airliner to take him from New York back home. His story was this: as an infant he had been picked up by Allied troops on the streets of Corinth during World War II, both of his legs crushed by a retreating German truck. His parents had been killed in the fighting. Some months ago, a refugee organization brought the boy here, where he underwent surgery and was outfitted with artificial legs. As he was leaving the other day, he had on a full-dress Hopalong Cassidy suit and on his face he wore a smile—the smile that no GI in Europe in the last war, as we know him, could ever resist, despite all the non-fraternization rules in the book.

So it is. To us, the Greeks have been a people who "belong," as we say: they are part of us, they look and act and fight like us, they are part of the Western community, to which they have given many of the finest traditions of culture and freedom we have. To put a smile on that nine-year-old boy's face is something we love to do.

But we have thought of the Asiatic, for this

long time, in these other terms. He has been pretty much a good-for-nothing. We have never really known him (except to trade with him) and scarcely ever loved him. He never really "belonged," not, at least, as a human being who has the hopes and the needs and the same humanity that the rest of us have. He has been, he is, a gook.

Now the United States, in defense of the whole Western world, whose Christian message is charity, finds itself fighting—with and against—the people it has treated like the riff-raff of humanity. At this late hour we are just beginning to see Asia and the Asiatics for what they are. We are even beginning to know why we have failed so badly there.

Ahead of us is a long, long road we have to travel to win Asia—as we must win it—for the free world. And we know now that the road begins right here, right here in our own minds and hearts. For it is not just the GI who has called the Asiatic a gook. He has been talking for all of us.

The March of TV

WHEN a new gadget that exercises as much fascination as television gets into the hands of the millions, we can look for visible effects. There are new skylines because of multiple cross-bars atop the buildings in small towns the country over—from the complex antennae above the local bar and grill to the standard crosspiece proclaiming the presence of a television set in a modest home. Then there are the festive black Hopalong Cassidy outfits which so many American boys insist on affecting on the hottest summer days. Cowboys and Indians is also visibly on the increase. Parents seem divided between those who find that television provides the young with something to keep them quiet in the hour before supper and fathers and mothers who believe that current TV fare makes their offspring wilder and more violent.

Another result of the mixed blessing variety is a big jump in the sale of musical instruments. With ukeleles and guitars in greatest demand, *Business Week* ascribes this music boom to the ubiquitous Arthur Godfrey and to cowboy shows and cowboy singers. In order to emulate these and other engaging performers Americans are expected to purchase half a million ukuleles and some quarter of a million guitars before the year is out.

Television continues to expand on a qualitative basis, too. The cowboys and the Godfreys are sure to find the competition tougher all the time. The technique of presenting plays effectively is improving; Broadway musicals have been streamlined and cut to an hour's running time; baseball games and other sporting events come through better; there are good symphony concerts and interesting news reels. If ever a single domestic gadget came along to change the habits of a nation it is television. And it is too soon to say how welcome that will be.

Enough's Enough

COME late summer time, and the thoughts of a Congressman in Washington turn to the hills back home, far from the swamp-like heat along the Potomac. This year, however, Congress will have to stay on, attending to the unpleasant and threatening condition of the world.

One of the things it is expected to do is to start a series of investigations into the state of the armed forces. The Congressmen will want to know how our defense money has been spent the last five years, why we have been caught short in Korea, why we have not more and better weapons, and where we are going from here.

Check-ups of this sort are, of course, the proper function of Congress. But unfortunately, it will begin these investigations while the smoke of the McCarthy fracas still hangs thick in the Senate chamber. The precedent set by that affair was a reckless and bitter one. It was frequently no credit to the good sense of the principal participant and, by reflection, to that of the rest of the country.

At a time like this, when we are literally and actually negotiating and fighting for the survival of the world, we believe that the Republicans in Congress can ill afford to accept the McCarthy investigation as a precedent to follow. Nor can the Democrats contemplate hiding from these forthcoming investigations the seriousness of our position.

If there are Republicans in Congress who want to continue the McCarthy methods, we would remind them of a question their party put to the national electorate in the last election campaign. It was: Had enough? If we are to be asked the same question in reference to McCarthyism, the answer, for our part, is unequivocal.

Redeeming the Time

Between man and his self-destruction
stands nothing but each man himself.

By ANTON C. PEGIS

OF ALL the uncertainties and fears that beset man in our own day, there is one which, more than any other, symbolizes the peculiar dilemma of the mid-twentieth century. As a result of his steady conquest of nature, man has now in his hands an enormous weapon, the A-bomb, and the real prospects of an even more enormous one, the H-bomb. Of course, it is not precisely the enormity of these weapons that is peculiar; it is rather the fear that man has now found and controls an instrument by which he can, if he wishes, destroy civilization as we know it. This is no question of great destruction, but of total destruction; so that it is at least legitimate to ask what can prevent this annihilation of the civilized world.

I do not pretend to know whether the new A-bomb can do what the scientists fear it can; it seems prudent, nevertheless, to be slow in underestimating the concern of scientific men. Let us, therefore, suppose the worst: let us suppose that we have the knowledge, the industrial skill and the technique by which to destroy ourselves. *This* no previous age could say. That is, previous generations were, by their ignorance, unable to accomplish what we can. They did not destroy themselves because, to cite no other reason, they could not do it. Now, *we can do it*. What, then, stands between us and the prospect of destruction? Clearly, nothing at all, since literally *nothing* need prevent it: we are masters of the trick, because we have harnessed industrially the secrets of nature.

Even without rhetorical make-up, this is a dramatic situation. The drama in the situation does not consist merely in wondering whether the A-bomb will ever be used—and with what effect. Evidently, if we live long enough, we shall learn the answer to *that* question. The drama rather lies in the issue that is posed, here and now, for all of us. I said that *nothing* stands between man and his self-destruction, and that is true; but it is *not* true that *no one* stands between man and his

destruction. For man himself stands there, man the scientific and industrial giant, yet a giant suffering from spiritual amnesia. For the first time since the end of the Middle Ages, when man began discovering the world around him and in time lost himself in the discovery and investigation of that world, the conquering engineer of nature has come to the end of the road only to stand on a pinnacle of achievement which is also a precipice of his own making. It is not nature which has betrayed man. For, in yielding to him the secret of sub-atomic energy, nature has opened to his control an enormous power. This power might be used for good, if man so wills. No, the trouble lies in man himself, in the fact that, though he knows how to conquer matter, he has so forgotten his human nature and its spiritual destiny that he is helpless in the presence of his own strength.

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SINCE I am associated with the Institute of Mediaeval Studies, you might suspect, at this point, that I am preparing the way for a nostalgic exhortation that we all return to the spiritual castles of mediaeval Christendom. Nothing is farther from my mind. We are living in the present, not in the past; but though the past has gone, never to return, its truths are surely not dead. There is, I realize, a widespread notion that only what exists today has contemporary significance. On this basis, St. Thomas Aquinas is seven hundred years behind the times, and St. Augustine, who will have an anniversary in 1954, will then be sixteen hundred years behind that day's headlines. But the truths that these men, and others like them, have expressed in their writings are as contemporary as the events of our day. The *now* in which we live contains all the truths that men have ever thought, and human forgetfulness does not remove them from history. I do not intend to dig into mediaeval dust; I merely wish to call attention to some ancient truths that are living today even though we may have forgotten them.

Let me also remove a second possible suspicion from your minds. I do not intend, by this reference to mediaeval truths which are now true, to attack modern science. On the contrary, man's discovery of nature in the post-mediaeval world

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is a great achievement, alongside which mediaeval science is puerile and fantastic. But I see absolutely no reason for impaling ourselves on the dilemma of being *either* mediaeval *or* modern.

We are living in a challenging age, and one whose opportunities have never been equaled. Almost everything in the modern world is in the balance, including its very survival. What is government and what are its duties? If economic anarchism is dead, what view of man's economic needs will insure his security and dignity as a person and as a citizen in society? What is peace, and how is it achieved?

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NOW, these are not scientific questions and they do not have to do with man's power over nature; they have to do with man himself and his relations to his fellow man. And the point that I wish to make is that, in spite of the modern devotees of science, there is no answer in science or in nature to these questions. I sincerely believe that in an age such as ours, we can make the disastrous mistake of thinking that man's conquest of nature contains within itself the secret and the formula which will enable him to solve his problems, heal the moral, political and economic wounds of humanity, and bring peace to the world.

My fear is not far-fetched, and the mistake to which I have referred is not a distant one. In the United States, at least, to say that man is a rational animal means very much the same as saying that he is a scientific animal whose intelligence is realized in his control over his environment. What he cannot examine and test by the methods by which he examines nature, does not exist. This is the surest way for man to reduce himself to the significance and the value of the world around him. On this basis, what is man but a maladjusted animal? Once more, it is not science which has reduced man to this level; it is the Comtian dreamers who seek to find in science answers to human problems.

What we need to rediscover is that science of itself, though perfectly rational, is also morally neutral. Let us therefore be sure of two things. Let us be sure we understand the high degree of intelligence and rationality that science contains; but let us be equally sure we realize that science can be, at one and the same time, scientifically rational and morally irrational. If the A-bomb is exploded and causes destruction of unimaginable proportions, such destruction will be perfectly rational. Indeed, it will have to embody tremendous knowledge and ingenuity as the fuse of its very destructiveness. Never fear: if man destroys himself it will be rationally and according to a plan; there will be nothing scientifically wrong with his self-destruction even as there was nothing wrong with the destruction of Hiroshima.

But, evidently, this was not the problem that bothered Mr. Henry Stimson when, in 1947, and later in his memoirs, he defended having authorized, as Secretary of War, the use of the A-bomb. He wanted to show the moral rightness of an act which was, as everyone could see, scientifically successful and, in that sense, *rational*.

I said that science is morally neutral. I did not mean that there is no moral difference in how we use it; I meant that science has no moral meaning because its subject-matter is not man in his moral nature, but matter in all the ways in which it is measurable and controllable. In the process of acquiring these sciences and undergoing this expansion of scientific rationality, the modern man has allowed his rationality, in all that is specifically and distinctively human within it, to become atrophied by disuse. In the language of St. Augustine, it might be said that the modern man has gone out into the world, he has filled himself with it and its secrets, and he has forgotten himself in the process; so much so, that he has lost awareness of the properly human employment of his reason in the course of developing it as a scientific investigator of nature.

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IN THIS situation, I ask you to recall the mediaeval consciousness of man in all that was distinctively human within him. Mediaeval theologians and philosophers did not know man as a scientific student of nature; they knew him primarily as a spiritual creature made in the image of God. They knew that man was in the image of God in his rational nature, and they explored the mystery of human rationality with a wonder and an understanding that remain undiminished today. They learned from St. Augustine an extraordinary truth, namely, that God had endowed man with reason *so that* man might seek Him. From this they came to an equally extraordinary truth, that man is not properly himself, he is not properly a man, but rather some deformed caricature of a man, unless his life in its growth and development is centered on God as its goal.

If there was anything that mediaeval thinkers knew about man, it was the great spiritual potentialities of his nature. They looked upon human history and man's life in the world of time as a period in which man is engaged in building his own reality to the full measure of his humanity. We, too, can think of our own lives, the lives that stretch out before us, as being not ready-made roads on which one merely walks, but spiritual roads that one has still to build by the daily acts in which he will express and commit himself. Not only are our futures as yet unmade, but we ourselves are, in part, as yet untried and uncommitted in the arena of human existence. The future, what is it but the unfinished part of ourselves? If we think of it this way, we will begin

to realize the mediaeval notion of man and his temporal life. In this notion, I should like to stress three aspects, common to all mediaeval theologians, but expressed with eminent clarity by St. Thomas Aquinas.

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IN THE first place, man must make his rational nature into a full human person, living in the light of the truth, in increasing loyalty to it, and in a life whose rationality and liberty are the servants of his spiritual destiny. In time, when he has added to his nature the formation and the character of his personal history, he can begin to see in himself the sort of spiritual shape he has given to himself, his completion of himself as a human person. He has the freedom to refuse to become what he should, to deform himself according to the judgment of his choice. But, as St. Thomas sees it, man's rationality is his first invitation from God to enter a world of truth and freedom in order to live within it in spiritual attachment and fidelity. Man's rational nature carries within it a divine secret, the secret that unless man turns to God and lives with his life set towards God, he will be an aimless and rootless wanderer, infinitely dangerous to himself in his forgetfulness of God.

Mr. T. S. Eliot has said that man without God is a seed upon the wind. The metaphor is apt, but perhaps somewhat thin. To St. Thomas, man is a lost and helpless prisoner of his own liberty, a caricature and a monster, if he does not use that liberty to give a divine purpose to his daily works, to eternalize the substance of his life and to stabilize his being on the horizon of his openness to God. As St. Thomas sees him, man is not man unless he does these things; he does not know the meaning of his nature, his reason and his freedom; he does not know that everything will betray him, some things more than others, because he will touch things with his own betrayal of himself.

These are propositions that we can verify for ourselves in the course of our lives. To say abstractly that man is satisfied only with the universal good may seem an intangible proposition. But the test of living carries its own evidence, an evidence that we learn from facing the steady need and drive of human nature. When one meets in his own name the truths he learned from others, he can know, in the concrete circumstances of his own existence, and in the silence of his own mind, whether human liberty was not made for the possession of a universal good.

This is the second aspect of man. As St. Augustine said, God made man for Himself. That is why his life is empty and meaningless unless he fills it with a meaning, the meaning that God is the motivating center of his rationality. Those for whom these words are something more

than words will remember an old Platonic lesson at this point. Man can fill himself with the divine good only by turning and being turned towards it; and this he accomplishes by personal decision and by the dedication of his liberty to God. And since it is in the dedication of this liberty that man fulfils himself, a third aspect of man now appears.

For if the center of man is God as the good of his reason and will, and if the purpose of his life is that he grow around this eternal center, then it is also true that the society in which man lives must reflect the aims of his very being. It must be committed to the growth of man in his dignity—and also his responsibility—as a human person, as a creature that finds in its Author the beginning and end of its existence. But, like himself, that civilization and society does not come ready-made. Man must build it as the visible sign and means of the unfolding and maturing of a spiritual creature. Man has to permeate his world with the divine image that is in him, so that it may not become an alien and an enemy to him.

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THERE was never a time of greater opportunity for Christianity than there is today. For the first time in history it is possible for Christians to dream of one world and to work for the salvation of one world. This is a time when we have to prove how well we believe that this confused and torn world, which has discovered its unity in the community of its pain, this world of suffering and misery, of desperate fears and frantic uncertainties, is a world that is governed by the divine providence.

Unfortunately, many Catholics use their faith as a place in which to hide from the evils and dangers of the world. The Christian life is not a safe life, and to sleep in our faith is one way of evading our Christian responsibility in the world. Christianity is not some sort of walled ghetto surrounded by a secularist jungle. The Christian message is universal, all men have a right to hear it, and only the evil by which men alienate themselves from God is the enemy of Christians.

Civilization, like disease, must be caught in order to be possessed. We have to carry our human civilization and culture with us, and this we can do only if we use our liberty for the perfection of that which is distinctively human within us.

At least in us, and through us, one small fraction of the world of time may thus see the true mirror of man; at least in us, a part of the world of time can be turned toward the City of God. In that way, the world may hope to realize one added moment of peace; and the Church may have one added frontier to which to extend the Kingship of Christ.

Korean Shadows Over Europe

WHEN the Korean war broke out, the Congress for Intellectual Freedom was going on in Berlin. It was a most impressive demonstration against Communism, "the god that failed." At the invitation of the American editor, Melvin Lasky, and Mayor Ernst Reuter of Berlin, former believers in that god, like Arthur Koestler, Ignazio Silone and Theodor Plivier, among others, came here to confer and were joined by Eugen Kogon, Alfred Weber, Carlo Schmid and Dolf Sternberger, all representing the German non-orthodox Left.

So, on the intellectual level, the odds favored the West as the shooting began, but the Communists, in the field of popular propaganda, were making a point here and there. They were saying that the excavations and rebuilding of highways in Western Europe were for defensive purposes and that the blasting threatened to flood the Rhine Valley. The latter accusation the French High Commission said was nonsense, while admitting the other preparations. This statement added to the general jumpiness. Then the papers of the Soviet Zone reported that Colorado beetles had been cast there by planes of unknown nationality, and Bavarian farmers pretended to have found caterpillars ("of a brown, hairy sort") that had been parceled out by unknown planes too. While the Soviet Zone protested in full earnest against the "Ami-beetles," a commission of the Bavarian Diet, finding no caterpillars, declined to compete with the progressive propaganda methods of the East.

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THIS was the state of the cold war here, when on the other side of the globe the Iron Curtain went up. The situation in both countries has so many parallels that what happens there is a foreboding of possible German events. So sugar and other goods became scarce, motorcycles were bought, and where, by accident, the water supply broke down or a broadcast was interrupted, it was "due to sabotage" in the style of the caterpillars in Bavaria.

Whatever the result of the conflict will be, one effect is already obvious: any hope for a peaceful conquest of the Eastern Zone by Western ideas that might unite Germany after the withdrawal of the occupation forces is gone. The idea of neutrality has also lost face, and so, at least ideologically, have the "crafty sailors" that Koestler talked about at Berlin—the Soviet agents. A report of the Bonn government talked of 450 Soviet agents' trespassing the border every day. (The figures seem rather exaggerated, and obviously the statement was

made to underline the need of a federal police, but the Communist underground activity is well known).

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ANOTHER effect of the conflict can be hoped for: a new enthusiasm for European Union. Three events of the last few months marked the progress toward European consolidation: a Payments Union has been set up for the exchange of currencies among Marshall Plan countries; West Germany has arranged to send delegates to the Council of Europe at Strasbourg; and the first conversations about a merger of the coal and steel industries of the Continent have started at Paris.

There were two disappointments: the English Labor Party declined to join the conversations on the Schuman-Monnet Plan, and the German Socialists voted against entering the Strasbourg Council. Though these Socialist decisions have some parallels—internationally-minded parties acting as defenders of "national interests" against conservatives and liberals as promoters of international agencies—the reasons were quite different. Labor's decision was taken in deference to the economic bonds of the Commonwealth and because a merger of the heavy industries seems an impediment to the planned nationalization of the English steel industry.

Schumacher, the German Socialist boss, declined to go to Strasbourg for tactical reasons. He thought it a fine chance to protest against the independence of the formerly German Saar territory and, indirectly, against the Oder-Neisse border on the East. (By treaties signed this spring, the Saar coal pits are in the hands of France for decades; perhaps a merger, as projected in the Schuman Plan, will give the issue another turn. Meanwhile the Soviets have officially acknowledged the Oder-Neisse border).

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AS for the Schuman Plan, Schumacher's scorn at the "Europe Limited" was rather mild. The German Socialists hope to strengthen the trade-unions' position by an international merger. A High Authority running the heavy industries may give employees the right to interfere in social and economic questions concerning single plants—one of the most discussed issues in German politics. As of now, nobody knows who will be the owner of the German coal pits and steel mills. They are still held in trust. A socialization is not likely, owing to the non-Socialist majority of the Bundesrepublik and to the strong position of the U.S. compared to England.

Though Schuman, in a statement that cooled some enthusiasm in Germany, said that the present restrictions on German steel production would not be lifted by a merger, it seems impossible in the long run to build up a partnership without equal legal conditions. (For the moment, French and West German steel production is on the same level: 9 million tons; German production is restricted to 11; the French want to reach 13 themselves by 1953; German experts think 15 or 16 necessary for a self-supporting Germany).

And at the Socialist congress in London, the German delegation asserted, as did the common resolution, that the Ruhr statute should be changed by the Schuman Plan. Though in the Schuman Plan economic matters play a great role, its conception is a political one, and this fact was generally hailed in Germany. Much was done, especially among the intellectuals on both sides of the Rhine, to overcome the traditional distrust. But the most active promoters of mutual understanding realize that the approach cannot be restricted to the intellectual or spiritual level. The Schuman Plan was welcomed even by those who, like Schumacher, do not like the idea of a "Europe Limited" and who disapprove of the autocratic manner Chancellor Adenauer chose in promoting a German-French agreement by sensational interviews or by nominating delegates without even conferring with his own party.

Though Adenauer and the Christian Democrats played the most active role in everything concerning the Council of Europe and the Schuman Plan, European movements and plans of international importance are not at all a "rightist" affair in Germany. They have a large basis that includes outstanding figures of the Left.

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THE difficulties of the Schuman Plan should not be underrated—not because the economic interests of the future partners are different (that is quite natural in every economic agreement) but because the social structures of these countries are quite different. In the Benelux countries, both steel and coal are privately-owned. In France, coal is nationalized, steel is a private industry and highly cartelized. In Germany, a certain cartelization will have taken place, even if the plants are given back to their old owners. Different price levels, living standards and social security systems offer new problems. Therefore, a common political instrument, of which the Council of Europe is the first beginning, must be developed at the same time, if the Schuman Plan is not to end up in the desk drawers of experts.

There is a general feeling that there is not much time left, and there is much criticism of the fact that naming the German delegation to Strasbourg has become a prestige affair at Bonn. People who believe a consolidated and united Europe the best preventive of Russian aggression think the time for these tactical moves is over. They do not agree with Adenauer's saying that the formation of a federal police was more important than a statement of America's willingness and fitness to give West Germany efficient protection. They are disappointed at the elusive answers Mr. McCloy had to give concerning this problem. And they think that false information about America's willingness to defend Korea played a fatal role in the events in the Far East. Perhaps these people are not diplomats, but they surely do express the general mood of the people.

CLARA MENCK.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT

Farmer-Labor Coalition

IF POLITICS is the art of who gets what, it is a difficult one to follow. For people who have common interests organize to hold and forward those interests. To hold groups of people whose interests are, or seem to be, antagonistic in a single political party is not a job for amateurs. Yet when you come right down to it such an organization is a political party—any political party that is successful. All you need do is read the platform on which Lincoln was first elected to realize how vastly different were the groups it appealed to, and how the platform directed its appeals. All platforms do that now. It is helpful, of course, if the diversity of interests can unite in an affluent personality such as that of Lincoln, Roosevelt, or Churchill; for all of unity is stronger for sentiment.

It is all very well for labor unions to engage in what they call political action, but if they are going to succeed, they must win the support of seemingly adverse interests and forces. This suit has some of the difficulty of the frog who would a wooing go. If you were told that the frog were in loving pursuit of the brilliant peacock you can appreciate the hardships. They do not lessen even when the labor unions are acting within the framework of a strong political party which is acting as mediator between them and their critics.

The Democratic Party in New York State, under the inspiration of its Chairman, Paul E. Fitzpatrick, has undertaken the task, so to speak, of mediating the hostility between farmers and workers. It is not, of course, an exercise in altruism, but it is an experiment that is not the less interesting on that account. For its success may put New York State once more in the control of the Democrats. It may determine who is to be the next governor of the State—and enough of its governors have gone to the White House to lend it special significance.

But it excites my own interest less because of that possibility than because a good many labor unions are interested in this particular process of mediation. It elicits my interest, and I hope yours, the more because of the way it is being done.

The Democratic Party isn't putting pressure on anyone or any group. It is presiding over these outspoken attempts at reconciliation of inhering difficulties between farmers and workers. It is presiding over a series of essays in understanding.

What the State Committee has done, or what Mr. Fitzpatrick has persuaded it to do, is to appoint a State Committee of twenty, which is composed equally of farm representatives and labor representatives "for the purpose of developing broader understanding of the mutual problems of farmers and workers." Under the auspices of this Committee, all of whom I presume are normally

Democrats, small meetings are being held throughout New York State at which resident farmers and union workers talk over their possible political companionate marriage. William Graham Sumner, the sociologist who invented the phrase "the forgotten man," used to say that marriage was "the status of antagonistic cooperation," and if this political marriage be nothing more than that it will be as successful as most, and nothing more than that can a cynic expect.

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AT A MEETING held last fall in Syracuse both Secretary of Agriculture Charles Brannan, and Secretary of Labor Maurice Tobin spoke; but there began and ended the presence of the big brass. All the other meetings have been what politicians are fond of calling "grass roots" conferences. That is, they have been attended by union workers and farmers who have listened to speeches by men from their own groups, and who have engaged in free discussion among themselves.

That is not to say that some of the statements formally made do not tend to make you blink. Some of the farmer representatives said, at one meeting or another, that the differences between them constitute an "artificial issue." Some of them seem to equate understanding with speeches and both with solutions. Louis Hollander, President of the State CIO, went so far as to say that "there is no real difference between the interests of farmers and those of labor . . . we are doing a wise thing in getting to know one another better."

My own feeling is that the ceiling over what is called understanding is pretty low. In any event, I am not one of those who believes that the thing called understanding is a magic solution in which all problems disappear. Problems that are real are stubborn things which resist rhetoric. But to the last half of Mr. Hollander's statement I suppose no exception can be taken. To the first half there is registered grave doubt.

For example, a good many workers might not give gleeful assent to the proposition that milk at 25c or even 30c a quart is our cheapest food. Yet, according to the *Ulster County News* of May 2, that was the position of Mr. A. D. Hakes, a dairy farmer from Pitcher, New York. The proposition may be true but there is difference of opinion on it among farmers themselves.

At a meeting held in Watertown, N. Y., on May 24, such a dispute was made vocal according to the *Watertown Daily Times* of May 25th. Assemblyman James Lyons, himself a dairy farmer, said that the handling of the milk price investigation by the Erwin Commission was "whitewash" of milk dealers and a "sin and a crime." The Commission's report, which held that the price-spread—between what consumers pay for milk and what the farmers get for it—was justified, was approved by the same Mr. Hakes. In fact he said that he thought the spread not unjustified. The Erwin Commission, by the way, was created by the New York legislature in 1945, to study food production, processing and marketing, and to investigate milk prices. Mr. Erwin, its chairman, is a Republican.

IT IS GOING to take a good deal of explaining to convince the worker that the price of milk is not too high. Mr. James Russell, who is the President of the Affiliated Labor Councils of Dutchess County, said, at Kingston, that labor is interested in the difference between the price he pays and the price the farmer gets. He added that "if there is a good reason for it" he doesn't mind. So far as I know no one has yet told him the reason.

At the same meeting Mr. Paul Smith, a dairy farmer from Newark, New York, defended farm surpluses. "We need," he maintained, "larger surpluses to protect against non-productive years." He even defended the potato surplus on the ground that the government insists we have plenty of food and, therefore, must guarantee farmers fair pay. "If we raise 33 million bushels of potatoes we have that fair price in the market, but if it happens to be a good year and we raise 375 million bushels, then the surplus tumbles the price on every bushel, and we lose money," said Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith displayed a good deal of political realism, it must be said, by asserting that "our economy is an economy of subsidies." Yet at another farmer-labor meeting in Westfield on May 15th, a farmer from Olean, whom the *Westfield Republican* for May 17th merely refers to as Mr. Morris, "told of buying tons of potatoes, to feed his stock, at one cent per hundred from the government . . . which cost Uncle Sam 20c, and which he could sell for at least 8c, Uncle Sam paying a big price as a subsidy to the farmer for potatoes."

I gather that Mr. Morris was distressed at this. Mr. Hakes asserted that he was sure the subsidies would be discontinued in 1952. It is interesting to note that "several farmers," the reporter for the *Westfield Republican* observed, voiced opposition to any subsidies for their products, arguing for fair profits instead. When we remember that these farmers are cheesemen, dairy farmers, poultry farmers, grainmen, and apple growers, it is not surprising to find disagreement among them.

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BUT what is striking about these meetings which have been held so far is the frankness with which points of view have been stated and maintained. Men who are not available for controversy are never going to form meaningful political alliances. A refusal to explain your point of view and an unwillingness to defend it merely indicate that your life is conducted at a wholly visceral level. Men cannot work together, nor make any kind of advance, who do not respect reason and who are not amenable to persuasion by facts.

I think that Mr. Hollander is wrong. There are differences between farmers and workers. There are differences among workers. The character and structure of their organizations show that. The breach between the AFL and the CIO need not be as deep as a well nor as wide as a barn door, but it serves. As has been shown here there are differences between the farmers themselves, and they are in function of their diverse economic interests.

Some of the differences between farmers and workers will fall before enlightenment. Some are real and will persist. These must be reconciled. Compatibility, unless you are merely childish, consists not in destroying differences but in accepting them. Otherwise no relationship at all would be possible, and friendship and love and marriage would have perished long ago.

There is a neat and absorbing story of compromise in an essay called "The Farm Bureau" in *Fortune* for June, 1944. It is a story of the reconciliation of political differences between the corn farmer and the cotton planter. I note it here not only because I just discovered it, but because it has a point, which is that politics is not the art of taking the best, but of taking as good as you know you can get. Politics is a realm of life in which some bread is better than starvation.

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HOSTILITY, stated and unstated, between workers and farmers has been a persistent fact of American political life. There is at least as much ground for labor to suppose that farmers are making money now, as there was for farmers to be jealous of labor's war wages. Union workers are puzzled by the whole surplus food program, by parity prices, by subsidies, by high prices for food. Some unions are in favor of the Brannan plan, some hesitate.

Unions some farmers regard as foreign imports for which there should be an immigration quota. If the prices of farm implements are raised the manufacturer always alleges increased labor costs. Farmers are frequently as angry at strikes as editorial writers.

What Mr. Fitzpatrick and his farmer-labor committee are trying to do is to still that hostility where they can and mute it where they cannot. They are undertaking, it seems to me, a unique and rather original exercise in political education. They are carrying it on among fairly small groups where alone education, as distinguished from propaganda, has meaning. For the first lesson in adult education is that you do not preach, you discuss.

What is being sought, if I have any understanding of it, is not only to reconcile differences, but to discover and make cohere what profoundly is held in common. What is agreed upon, what has found expression in all these meetings is that there is a fixed and binding interest in education, in the protection of health and against insecurity of advancing age. The independent farmer, like the worker, is hostile to monopoly. As I understand it the committee is drafting an agreed-upon program which will be subjected to discussion at all future farmer-labor meetings prior to the writing of the Democratic platform for the 1950 election.

It may well be that through it all a new sense of identification will be supplied, a new sense of human function. But the fly in the ointment is that the Dewey administration has close ties with some of the AFL leaders, and the CIO has not signed any non-strike contract with the Democratic Party. For that matter it has made no contract at all.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Screen

THE AIM IS PEACE

IT IS OUR fortune this week to have two extraordinarily good films to report: films that are not only well made from the entertainment point of view, but which also have something to say that is worth listening to. I don't like the pictures equally well, but both may appeal to you and both rank as outstanding cinema.

"*Broken Arrow*" stands up with the best films ("Pinky," "Home of the Brave," "Lost Boundaries," "Intruder in the Dust") which have tried to cover aspects of the racial question. Its subject is Indians in the United States, and it is one of the few films that I've seen which approaches the problem from the Indians' point of view. Just treating the Indians as real people and not as symbols of a painted menace is a definite step forward for the movies.

Based on Elliott Arnold's novel "Blood Brother," the script by Michael Blankfort tells the story of a land in 1870. Much of this story is narrated by James Stewart who portrays a frontiersman in Arizona and whose efforts in making peace with the Apaches are related through flashbacks. For ten years the whites of this territory have been at war with the Apaches, and now many of them think it is possible for the whites and Indians to live together in this large country without further bloodshed. Stewart comes forward with a plan which will require his talking peace with Cochise (played by Jeff Chandler) the leader of the mighty Chirichua tribe of Apaches; and to prepare himself for this peace talk Jimmy studies the tribal dialect, the customs, the smoke signals. He learns many things about the Apaches: that they are often cruel and vicious, that their men have a sense of fair play and that their women often cry about their sons.

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IT IS not necessary to reveal details of this fascinating plot, but the important thing is that Delmar Daves has directed it so well and has succeeded in building up a suspense with a documentary-like background that is even more suspenseful than most mystery thrillers. You will be held spellbound when Stewart finally goes into Apache country to see Cochise. The peace talks go well, and while Stewart is still there he falls in love with an Indian maiden (Debra Paget). Even this romantic angle to the movie is handled well; and the marriage, against which the Indian chief advises, is beautifully portrayed.

Although the Indians distrust the whites, they agree to peace for three months; and it is one of the film's most interesting points that the peace is broken not by the Indians (except for a few renegades) but by the whites. But it is equally interesting that these whites

who ambush and attack the Indians are also renegades. Perhaps "Broken Arrow" oversimplifies the issues, but if it succeeds (and I feel it does) in putting over the argument that in all racial problems there is something to be said for both sides, it deserves high praise. Furthermore its acting, stunning scenery in Technicolor and effective script will hold your interest even if you don't like to be told that white Americans are often smug in their treatment of minorities.

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OUR other good film this week is also an argument for peace. "The Men" is mainly about paraplegics, in this case veterans of World War II. Most of its locale is the Birmingham Veterans Administration Hospital near Hollywood, California; and while the lead roles are played by actors, there are also 45 of the men from this hospital playing their real-life roles—in wheelchairs or beds. Carl Foreman, who wrote the story and screenplay, traces the experiences of one man in particular from the moment he is shot in Germany until the much-later day when he leaves the hospital.

Obviously this is not a pleasant picture; and neither Producer Stanley Kramer nor Director Fred Zinneman were anxious to spare our feelings. No doubt this is as it should be, and we learn through watching this young man how paraplegics slowly take on the realization that they will never walk again and how they become adjusted to a different life. Unfortunately in this case the movie depends too much on the man playing the lead role. Marlon Brando portrays Ken with so much vitriolic bitterness and resentment that it becomes hard for us to warm up to him. Ken has a right to be bitter and feel that life has cheated him; but movies being what they are it is necessary for us not only to understand Ken but also to feel some of his emotions. We see how he is helped by the doctor at the hospital (expertly portrayed by Everett Sloane) and we see how the other paraplegics in his ward try to kid him out of feeling so sorry for himself. But what the film fails to put across is why his fiancée (played with great skill by Teresa Wright) still loves him and wants to marry him. Perhaps some flashbacks to the Ken she once knew would help this situation; but the Ken she now knows is only sullen and surly. While Brando succeeds in portraying great suffering, he fails to display the emotions of a man going through great psychological changes.

The film handles its psychological problems well and the motives behind Ken's behavior are made clear. Actually "The Men" does a great service, and you will come away from the film much wiser. It answers many of the questions asked by paraplegics; and in spite of the fact that this particular Ken is such an unpleasant person, other Kens and their friends and relatives will gain through his experiences. The film makes clear that all Kens must not expect too much from their friends and relatives who are people just as they are. If "The Men" succeeds in putting over any message it is one of hope for the hopeless and one of courage for the defeated.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

The Right of Sincerity

THE July issue of the *Review of Politics* (Notre Dame, Indiana) carries a long article on "Church and State" by Heinrich Rommen, member of the faculty of St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minnesota. Here is an excerpt.

Since the Middle Ages our sense of the importance and the rights of consciences, especially of the erroneous conscience, has been much refined. Whatever one may think of the development of philosophy from Kant through romanticism and to Kierkegaard and the Existentialists, one positive feature stands out: an increasingly higher evaluation of freedom and of personal dignity as against the impersonal powers and the intolerant trends in modern totalitarianism in a diabolical measure. Along with the personalism increases also the respect of the innermost sacred sphere of the person where the individual conscience rules. Consequently a non-conformist conscience is not, as it was rather customary to explain in the Middle Ages (and quite often well-founded) an intentional and guilty one, as of *mala fide*.

By reason of our greater knowledge of psychology and of the acts of conscience, especially of the acts of faith and of the loss of faith, and considering the facts that the process of civilization has built up generally acknowledged minimal norms of external behavior, our reaction against the non-conformist takes more into account the possible, nay probable, *bona fides*, the sincerity of the objectively erroneous conscience, and shies away from means which, by reason of our respect for conscience, seem inappropriate.

Against Karl Jaspers' fear, that if Catholicism should become influential again, heretics would once more burn at the stake, Father Brunner, S.J., affirms that the respect for conscience demands that the religious error of a person be enlightened by appropriate, that is, spiritual, means, by means which do not violate his freedom and personal dignity, not by force. It need not be stressed that the non-conformist cannot himself deduce from this an uncontrolled right of aggressive action against the equally-to-be-respected consciences of the conformists. We may conclude that there is to be recognized a right of sincerity. For it seems illogical to declare, on the one hand, a right to respect the erroneous conscience and, on the other, to enforce an external conformity which the erroneous conscience feels gravely sinful. Professor Jacques Leclerc says, therefore, rightly: "A society in which the only chance to make a career is by being Catholic would be a society where that right of

sincerity would be violated. Such a condition would lead to a forced conversion with a consequential poisoning of the Church of God. Out of love for the Church and of respect for human dignity we do not want any such conversions under force or pressure by social conditions."

Hebrew Rite?

IN a recent *Tablet* (128, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.), Gregory Schmerling discusses the possibility of a Hebrew Rite in the Church for Catholics converted from Judaism. His article begins:

The *Ecclesia Militans* comprises four hundred million souls, and can contemplate the problem of the conversion of Israel with patience and equanimity. Having waited two thousand years, the Church can easily wait a few more centuries. But in her charity she may, in this Holy Year, open a door and light the lantern to guide the erring wanderer.

To light the lantern. It is not within the scope of this article to review ways in detail. One thing for which there is a crying need would be the establishment, in Jewish centers of population, of special church services for converted Jews. The services, whether Mass or Benediction, would, of course, be open to all Catholics. Nevertheless, they would be specially designed for Catholic Jews and those on the verge of conversion. Always within the Roman canon, a few minor touches of special consideration for the congregation can easily be visualized. Some prayers could be said in Hebrew, especially those which were first spoken in that language, the *Ave* and the *Pater*, the Psalms and perhaps the *Sanctus*. Similarly passages from the Old Testament could be read in Hebrew, particularly those from Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Malachy prophesying the coming of Our Lord. (It might be possible to use synagogal scrolls for this purpose.) The ram's horn (the "trumpets" of Jericho) once sounded at the Temple service, and still used in the synagogues on the Day of Atonement, might replace the anemic handbell to signal the various stages of the Sacrifice of the Mass. In fact, this ancient instrument almost seems predestined for the purpose, as three different sequences are traditionally sounded with it.

Another problem is that of the Kaddish prayer. This precursor of the *Magnificat* is said by sons on the anniversaries of their parents' death, and the saying of the prayer together with the lighting of a memorial candle is considered the first duty of filial piety and remembrance. Many Jews on the point of conversion feel that they would like to go on saying this prayer and lighting the candle of remembrance. . . .

The Inside View

By VIVIAN MERCIER

Chekhov in My Life. Lydia Avilov. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75.

Rilke: Man and Poet. Nora Wydenbruck. Appleton-Century-Crofts. \$4.

Journey into the Self. Leo Stein. Crown. \$4.

THE best kind of biography is autobiography—its single, partial view of its subject being compensated by the fact that the viewing point lies within the character to be presented. The biography written by a personal friend of the subject is, Boswell notwithstanding, usually a failure, because there is no such compensation. One might even quibble and say that Boswell only succeeded because he wrote Johnson's autobiography for him. Next most satisfying after autobiography, to my mind, is the would-be definitive biography, which synthesizes a multiplicity of viewpoints, including the subject's own.

None of the three books before us is of this last type. Lydia Avilov's little memoir is laughable as a contribution to the biography of Chekhov; I say this simply on internal evidence, for I know nothing of Chekhov's life except what I have learned from David Magarshack's introduction to this extremely graceful rendering of Avilov's love story. It seems clear to me, however, that while Chekhov was momentarily smitten at his first and second encounters with this eminently Chekhovian young married woman, he was in no sense her frustrated lover for ten years, as both Mr. Magarshack and Lydia seem to believe. Ridiculous as biography, her reminiscences are perfect as autobiography. Nemirovich-Danchenko is quoted by Mr. Magarshack as saying of Nina in *The Seagull*, "There were hundreds of such girls in Russia at the time." Lydia Avilov, though she lived in Petersburg, not in the provinces, was one of them. When she had convinced herself that she was in love with Chekhov, she sent him a pendant engraved, "Short Stories by Chekhov. Page 267, lines 6 and 7." These lines read, "If you ever want my life, come and take it."

Chekhov met her later at a masked ball, and said he would give her his answer in *The Seagull*, his new play. She was at its first-night fiasco, and discovered that Nina gives Trigorin just such a present in the play, but the reference on the pendant is "Page 121, lines 11 and 12." Trigorin, looking up his own work, finds the Chekhov lines, but when Lydia looked up the reference in her book of short stories (for she too was a writer) she read, "It is not proper for young ladies to go to masked balls." Unable to take a hint, she continued her comedy

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of cross purposes for some time longer, but in spite of all her efforts she remained a technically faithful, if bored, wife. Only after her death in 1942 at the age of 78 was her tale published. It reads so much like a Chekhov short story that one wonders whether he imitated nature to perfection, or whether nature, in the person of Lydia Avilov, copied his art.

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NORA WYDENBRUCK, a personal friend of Rilke's and a niece of his patroness, Princess Marie Thurn und Taxis, seems to me to have committed Avilov's error, of taking the single partial view for the whole, with much more serious results. A brief personal memoir may be as biased as possible without doing real harm, but Miss Wydenbruck is attempting to write a comprehensive biography—a task by definition incompatible with a narrow view of one's subject. Rilke is neither left to speak entirely for himself, as is Leo Stein in Edmund Fuller's editing of his "letters, papers and journals," nor, on the other hand, is he adequately interpreted for the reader who comes to her book totally unacquainted with Rilke at first hand. C. M. Bowra's forty pages in *The Heritage of Symbolism* gave me a clearer picture of Rilke as both man and poet than Nora Wydenbruck's 350 pages. The latter supply an enormous quantity of peripheral material, but leave the reader no nearer the center of Rilke's life and work at the end than when he began. One gets the impression—admittedly a false one when checked—that there are more pages of illustration and text dealing with Princess Marie and her castle of Duino (whence the *Duinese Elegies*) than about Rilke himself. She emerges from Miss Wydenbruck's book a much more live and believable character than Rilke. While much is said of the poet's extraordinary personal charm, not even a whiff of it is conveyed directly to the reader.

One thing, however, Miss Wydenbruck does do for the poet—she translates him magnificently, if my puny German is any yardstick. Her metrical versions, printed directly under the German originals, often read like fine independent English poems, yet some thumbing of the dictionary shows them to be almost slavishly literal renderings.

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DIGGING independently in Miss Wydenbruck's mountain of ore, one comes up with a quote or two from Rilke's letters that may possibly serve to characterize his life and work: "How is it possible to live, when the elements of this life are so absolutely incomprehensible to us? When we are always proving our insufficiency in love, our uncertainty in deciding, and our incapacity when faced with death. . . ." And again, "After all, everybody always experiences the same conflict over and over again, under different names and disguises—mine is to unite life and work in the purest sense, and where it is a question of the unending, incommensurable work of the artist, the two directions run contrary to each other."

In actual fact, only during three weeks in early 1922 did he experience that astonishing rebirth, where life

and art were in some sense unified, which he had so often wished for and felt to be near at hand. During that brief period he wrote almost all his major work, completing the *Duinese Elegies* begun ten years before, and writing all the *Sonnets to Orpheus*. Miss Wydenbruck presents the *Elegies* as the climax of both his life and his work, but does not elucidate them very thoroughly. It would appear that, like Valéry's *Cimetière Marin*, which Rilke gloried in and translated felicitously, they express the poet's acceptance of the human condition—death included. Five years (mostly of illness) after this rebirth, he was dead.

★

LEO STEIN, like Rilke, was forever seeking a rebirth, and to him too, it came almost neck-and-neck with death. But Stein's rebirth was one diametrically opposed to Rilke's. Where the poet clung to his conflicts and confusions, fearing that his poetry would be swept away along with them, Stein's painful rebirth was a twenty-five-year battle against such inner chaos. Rilke avoided psychoanalysis as "too thoroughgoing an aid, it clears up everything, and the state of being completely set in order might be even worse for me than my present disorder." Stein consulted two psychoanalysts in turn, but rejected both as not thoroughgoing enough, devised a new technique of his own, and forced through what was undoubtedly a successful self-analysis. The reborn septuagenarian then wrote with comparative ease his *Appreciation: Painting, Poetry, and Prose*, an extremely readable personal aesthetic with some universal applications, but died before he could complete an account of his self-analysis and a description of his analytic method. However, the main outlines of both emerge clearly from *Journey into the Self*. Though it is necessarily a jumble of fragments arranged in chronological order, every word of this book deserves to be read, for fear one should miss any of its treasures of humor or wisdom.

"When I undertook to cure a serious neurosis," writes Stein, "I asked myself the question: 'How can one learn by experience?' and I answered this by saying that one could learn by experience only if one allowed oneself no crack by which to escape. . . . Unless I accept the fact that what I did is done, finished, final, that remorse, regret, penance are all escapes from the full responsibility, I am only playing a comedy and ignoring the integrity of time."

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SUCH a view is, of course, unthinkable for Christians, because it denies the possibility of redemption and the necessity of repentance. Stein, as an atheist, had no such scruples. His method of analysis was an extraordinary one. Adopting the principles of Trigant Burrow's "group analysis," he yet practiced it alone. "I proposed to have imaginary persons who were to have the functions of real witnesses. . . . I do not recommend this procedure to anyone. The strain is something frightful. . . . I have swept clean out of myself all trace of 'neurosis' and most of the neurosis that is common to the normal man."

Maybe he had, maybe he hadn't; but certainly the

Leo Stein of 1900 was a different person from the Leo Stein of 1947, the year of his death. Of Jewish birth, he endured the Nazi occupation of Italy and the bombardments of the liberating armies without fear or anxiety. He achieved his own integrity, and perhaps all of us can learn something from him.

I have deliberately ignored Stein's views on aesthetics, which are more fully treated in his two earlier books, *Appreciation* and *The ABC of Aesthetics*, so as to present his psychology as fairly as I could. I have also omitted to mention so far that he was Gertrude Stein's brother, shared her apartment for many years, taught her to like Matisse and Picasso, and finally quarrelled with her. Also that he was himself a painter. I'd like to see his paintings some day, but if his name lives, it may very well be as a result of *Journey into the Self*. As I said at starting, autobiography is the best kind of biography. Peter Drucker, who always cites St. Augustine's *Confessions* as the classic autobiography, claims that true autobiography is distinguished from mere memoirs by being "the record of a conversion," whether religious or secular. And that is just what Leo Stein's book is.

Books

On Being Human. Ashley Montagu. Henry Schuman. \$1.95.

DR. MONTAGU, Chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers University, has written a stimulating and readable book to defend the thesis that man is essentially good, cooperative, and social. If the world is today in bad shape, it is not the fault of human nature as such, but of the misinterpretation of human nature underlying the current ideas of what constitutes man's life and what are his true aims. Instead of a universal law of competitiveness and a struggle for success, the author proposes the recognition of love, mutual help and appreciation as the basis of society. As he acknowledges, this view of man's life and task has been stated by "one Jesus of Nazareth." Dr. Montagu might have gone one step farther and admitted that his doctrine, although based largely on empirical data, is fundamentally that which Catholic philosophy of human nature has taught for centuries.

The author sets out to prove that there is a universal law of cooperativeness throughout nature. All organisms, whether they form any sort of "society" or not, thrive better in groups than in isolated existence. The same applies, and to a much higher degree, to man. One chapter is given the title "Man Is No Island." Involuntarily, the reader is reminded of the Biblical statement: "It is not good that man be alone."

Individual and social conflict, unhappiness and neurosis, social tensions and wars, arise because man has been taught, for a long time, not the law of love but that of success and competition. The set of values by which

modern man lives, at least in Western civilization, is perverted. We can hope for a better state of human affairs only if we adopt another set of values which are, as the author sees it, in accord with the essentials of human nature.

THE views of Dr. Montagu seem to allow for a "translation" into other terms. They may be restated by saying that man is essentially a "social animal," that not only to live in society, but to live so that society is furthered is tantamount to complying with the law of human nature. Man is as much social as he is anything else. His organic existence is threatened when he does not live so as to satisfy the basic needs of his organism; his human existence is endangered if he does not adopt a conduct suitable for the satisfaction of his "social urges." All this could be concluded from the fundamental teachings of traditional philosophy concerning man and his nature.

It is not a stringent proof, but it is a welcome confirmation that the life of all organisms profits if they are living together. The author assumes, of course, that there is some sort of continuity from the most simple forms of organic life up to man's existence. His argument suffers, to some degree, from his not stressing sufficiently the uniqueness of human existence as set over against the various forms of subhuman life. Because of this approach, the author cannot, as it seems, explain why man, alone of all living beings, is capable of arranging his life in an "unnatural" manner.

Dr. Montagu insists on man's being primarily good. If man were to live in accord with his nature, he would not be caught in the "struggle of existence." Contrary to the teachings of older and modern biology, the author maintains that the fundamental law of organic nature is not the Darwinian "struggle for existence," but the need of togetherness, which he identifies with a social urge.

As the author points out, there have been some who have voiced a protest against the notion of a universal "struggle for existence"; among these men, Prince Kropotkin holds a prominent place. But these voices went unheard. This is one of the most instructive examples of the disastrous consequences an uncritical belief in "scientific truths" may bring about. There is no doubt that the tendency for individualistic egoism, ruthless competition, disregard of fellow-men, and many other traits of modern times, have found a strong support in the allegedly scientific discovery of the universal law of "struggle for existence." One has to be grateful to the author for stressing the falsity of this conception.

EVEN if one does not accept all the statements made in this book and feels that several of the author's fundamental assumptions are in need of correction, he must nevertheless acknowledge that here a notable step forward has been made. It is something for which one has to be grateful. It is unusual for a scientist to propose ideas like those contained in this volume. One must also be grateful to the author for his pointing out that the teachings of morality, especially that of the "golden rule,"

are not in conflict with the laws of nature.

There are things which remain unsaid. One is not told why man, in spite of his being basically cooperative, loving, and social, and in spite of the evil effects of acting contrary to these dispositions, arrived at behaving as he does and has done for quite a long time. This great problem is unsolved, as it was in Rousseau's thinking. He, too, thought that man is born good; but he could not explain why this good being created a society which made him evil. It would seem that a theory which simply states man's intrinsic goodness and does not take account of his capacity, even propensity, to act badly, is not yet a complete theory of human nature.

Catholic philosophy of human nature appears to offer a more complete answer. If it has not been as effective as it might and should be, it is to a notable extent because this philosophy did not care sufficiently for the facts empirical research furnishes. In this regard, too, Dr. Montagu's book is welcome; it is not only information, it is also an appeal which Catholic social philosophy ought not to overlook.

Small though this volume be, it is one of the most interesting works which has appeared recently. It deserves careful study and some "examination of conscience" on the part of those who agree and also of those who, naively, too naively in most cases, have made their own a conception at variance with the doctrine of ethics and, as one sees, even of empirical anthropology.

RUDOLF ALLERS.

Two Lovely Beasts, and Other Stories. Liam O'Flaherty. Devin-Adair. \$3.

THE fictional works of Liam O'Flaherty have been marked by his sense of the conflicts that rage between men. In his more noted works—especially in *The Informer*—this is worked out in the framework of a particular historical moment and movement, so that the work enjoys a recognition simply because it is a thing we can see as a story of our present history.

Two Lovely Beasts, a collection of twenty of Liam O'Flaherty's short stories, has to stand, however, without that blessing of the obvious currents of recognizable political strife. Instead, O'Flaherty writes of the ordinary and everyday life of the Irish peasant. And because the drama of one's living is often more terrible and passionate in his inner life than in outward and actual revolution, the creative power of a writer to see that drama is indicative of his understanding.

The Irish farmers who dominate the stories in this collection know a continual weight of opposing the very nature with which they are closely integrated. This battle to tear an existence out of bare hills and bogs is with them always; it is a thing which they never expect to conquer in a way to make them comfortable or rich. But it is a life which gives them a deep recognition of the common bond existing between one man and another. In a direct way this is expressed when one wife says to

a sorrowing woman, "Tell us what happened, so that we can share your sorrow."

It is the older people—those who near the end of a hard and meager existence—who best understand the meaning of such a life. While some of the younger Irish resist their heritage—by emigrating to America or by cursing the world around them—the aged wait for death in a kind of faithful and expectant joy. One old woman reiterates her belief to a young woman, saying over and over, "There are only lovely things in God's world."

In a few brilliant excursions outside the Irish landscape, Liam O'Flaherty uses observations he made on his many travels to write exotic fragments about the animal world. Just as in his stories of the hills of Connemara, however, he is alive to the primitive struggles between living things. His pictures of life and death struggles between a cat and a mouse, a seal and a conger eel are finished pieces of pure descriptive prose.

The only failures among the stories are those in which O'Flaherty attempts to romanticize his characters and when he leads them into discussions of Gaelic art. This imposition is apparent and in none of them does one feel the breath and life of the people whom the writer knows best.

Of the best stories collected in *Two Lovely Beasts*, this can be said: when Liam O'Flaherty writes of the Irish farmer and the animal, he does so in short stories which are the equal of any written today, in a style alive with the voices of the people.

KELLY COOK.

Nicolas Berdyaev: Captive of Freedom. Matthew Spinka. Westminster Press. \$3.50.

THIS is indeed a most welcome contribution to the study and analysis of Berdyaev's thought. The late philosopher, outstanding both in the field of purely Russian religious experience, and on the wider scale of what Mr. Spinka calls Berdyaev's "world-view," has left us a spiritual legacy, still partly unexplored and therefore often puzzling. Matthew Spinka has done much to clarify and bring into focus the main points of Berdyaev's message.

For one thing, the author, who is a Professor at Hartford Theological Seminary, has grasped the extreme complexity and intricacy of Berdyaev's message, and has been therefore extremely careful not to "classify" Berdyaev according to certain recognized philosophical standards. Is Berdyaev a Platonist or a follower of Kant? Is he a completely "orthodox" Russian Orthodox, or a Christian philosopher on the fringe of Heterodoxy? Can Berdyaev's autobiography, written shortly before his sudden death, be accepted as a complete and exhaustive "confessio fidei"? Mr. Spinka has seen all these questions and endeavored to answer them in a deeply conscientious way, and with that feeling of gratitude, which, he tells us in his preface, he owes Nicolas Berdyaev. "For

almost thirty years," Mr. Spinka stresses, "I have read his writings with increasing interest and profit. . . . He taught me much by the attractiveness and force of his thought, for he 'spoke to my condition.' He taught me much: among other things, the nature of our civilization, the liberating character of the philosophy of personalism, and the value of mysticism as mediated by the great masters of both East and West. Without accepting all his views, I bear testimony that he has helped me to understand the significance of human destiny, the greatest service any human being can render to his fellows."

MR. SPINKA is a Protestant, but as he conveys in his book, *Berdyayev* speaks "to the condition" of each man. Spinka's profound characterization of Berdyayev's works can mostly or partially be accepted by Protestant, Russian-Orthodox and Catholic alike. In the same way, Spinka's objections and lucid criticisms, as for instance, in the case of Berdyayev's idea concerning "un-created freedom," will be shared by theologians representative of various Christian denominations.

Perhaps, and this is my only contention, Spinka has not sufficiently brought out Berdyayev's deeply Russian-Orthodox roots. True, in his early childhood and youth, Berdyayev was kept aloof by his free-thinking family and friends, from these traditional sources. So much so, that he became, if only for a time, an adept of Marxism. Yet, it is my conviction that Berdyayev's heterodoxy has been very much overestimated. In the book's otherwise exhaustive index, we find no mention of Saint Seraphim, the great Russian mystic, of whom Berdyayev spoke more than once as of "the white flame of Orthodoxy," and whom he loved (as he loved Saint Francis). Neither does Mr. Spinka's index mention Fedorov, the Russian-Orthodox thinker, Christian sociologist and eschatological writer, who had considerable influence on the young Berdyayev. I believe that both Saint Seraphim and Fedorov inspired Berdyayev to the end of his life.

It is almost inevitable to associate Berdyayev with the great family of Russian religious thinkers; it was their atmosphere he breathed, their "prophetism" he continued. Yet, of course, he actually resembled none of them; his message was broader, more universal. It was addressed to the men of good will both in the East and in the West. This point, among many others, is brought out with remarkable clarity by Matthew Spinka.

HELENE ISWOLSKY.

Korea Today. George M. McCune, with Arthur L. Grey, Jr. Harvard. \$5.

BEFORE his death on November 5, 1948, George M. McCune was the foremost authority on Korea in the United States. The manuscript of this book, which he left unfinished, was completed by his wife and one of his students before the outbreak of war in Korea on June 25, 1950. What it describes, therefore, is of course not Korea today but Korea yesterday. Nevertheless, it is

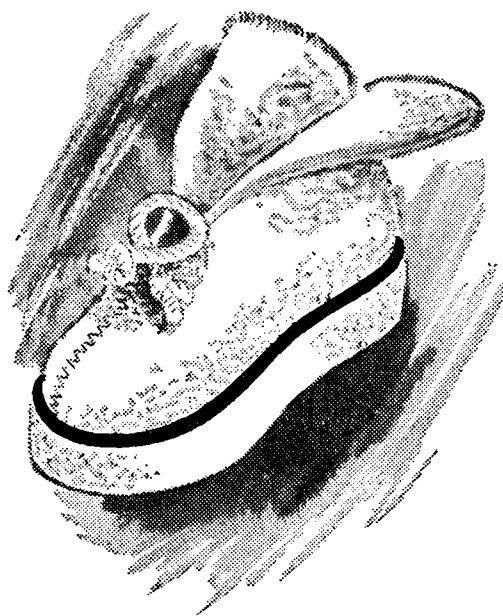
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probably the best book on the subject which has yet been published in any language, and it provides the reader with the background necessary for an understanding of what the shooting is about. At the end of the book the pedantically inclined will find an excellent bibliography, in which I can detect only a few minor omissions.

The reader who digests the mass of factual information which Dr. McCune presents and is willing to pardon an occasional example of the clouded crystal ball (page 265: "open conflict [does] not seem to be an immediate prospect") will emerge with at least a nodding acquaintance with Korean geography and history, and above all with an understanding of the catastrophic effects of the division of the country at the end of the Second World War into a Russian zone of occupation in the north and an American zone in the south.

The first of these effects was the destruction of the essential economic unity of the country and the setting in motion of a vicious inflationary spiral, whose effects were particularly serious in the less effectively regimented American zone. The second was to bring into being two bitterly hostile regimes, each claiming to be the legitimate government of the entire country, and each dependent in large measure on the diplomatic and military support of one of the two super-powers. In this connection, it is worth pointing out that the present war does not mark the first occasion on which the Soviet government has flouted the United Nations where Korea was concerned. In the spring of 1948, after prolonged Soviet-American negotiations had failed to bring about agreement as to the conditions under which the two halves of the peninsular might be united, the United Nations despatched a commission to supervise elections in both zones. The Soviet Union, however, refused to take part in the work of the commission, and its North Korean lackeys barred it from their soil. Elections were thereupon held in the south alone. They resulted in a victory for the aged and strongly anti-Communist leader Syngman Rhee, who became president of a republic inaugurated on August 15, 1948. Almost immediately thereafter a Soviet republic was formally proclaimed in the north.

In many ways it is China all over again, in miniature. On one side there is a Communist regime which has nationalized heavy industry, gained widespread peasant support by its program of land redistribution, and built up a powerful army (with more assistance and direction from the Soviet Union than is known to have been the case in China). On the other is an essentially conservative, ineffectually dictatorial, and increasingly unpopular regime which has received some economic and military aid from the United States, but not enough to insure its survival. Much of the military equipment which we gave the South Koreans, incidentally, was unfit for use, and no combat planes or tanks were included. Dr. McCune makes the contrast between the two regimes quite clear; much of his information about the North Korean regime, in the absence of other sources, is based on its official publications, and should therefore be regarded with some caution.

The present struggle in Korea, of course, involves

issues far more important than the question of the relative merits and defects of the two rival regimes. On its outcome hang what little prestige still remains to the United States among the peoples of the Far East, and perhaps also the survival of the United Nations and the chance of preventing a Third World War. We had no choice but to intervene, but to intervene unsuccessfully might prove as disastrous as not to have intervened at all.

HAROLD C. HINTON.

Changing Empire. Eric Estorick. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3.75.

MAP-MAKERS for generations have colored the scattered stretches of British territory a bright imperial red. The convention still persists, but beneath the monochromatic ink, tremendous changes have taken place in the relations of Britain and her major colonies. The Commonwealth of Nations, a free association of equals, has superseded the Whitehall-dominated Empire from Canada to Ceylon, and the old-school imperialists of the never-setting sun have only the remaining Crown colonies and their cartographic consolation.

Eric Estorick describes the evolution from empire to commonwealth through biographies of seven men who contributed to the transformation: Churchill, Attlee, Bevin, Mackenzie King, Evatt, Smuts, and Nehru. The final result was the vision of none of them, but each participated in the painful process of adapting a colonial empire to the realities of the power structure in the twentieth century.

It was at the periphery of the empire—in Canada—that the first successful pressures were applied for a loosening of the British hold. William Lyon Mackenzie, the grandfather of Mackenzie King, led an armed revolt against the corrupt and autocratic British governor. The rebellion was crushed in 1828, but it led to the appointment of "Radical Jack" Durham as Governor-General, and the subsequent adoption of Lord Durham's tradition-shattering recommendation that Canada be granted self-government in internal affairs.

The latest and most convulsive wrench from the empire of adventurer, soldier, and white man's burden, was the British withdrawal from India. Clement Attlee understood the force of the revolutionary movement sweeping through Asia, and without the endless conditions imposed by previous governments, announced the date for the end of British occupation. Mr. Estorick applauds the statesmanship of the quiet-mannered Labor leader. Winston Churchill might moan about "shameful flight" and "hurried scuttle," but when India and Pakistan elected to remain within the Commonwealth, this was the triumph and the justification of Mr. Attlee's policies.

It is a rich and rewarding story that Mr. Estorick tells, but he has chosen a difficult method of telling it. A more skilled craftsman might create an effective sequence of development from the lives of seven contemporary statesmen and their influences on the changing em-

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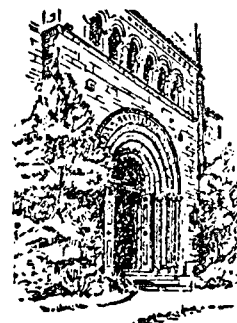
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pire. But Mr. Estorick is in the predicament of not knowing whether the biographies or the facts of imperial relations are the more important. In trying to kill two birds, he succeeds only in wounding both. He introduces fascinating items about Smuts' armed suppression of labor disputes and Bevin's timidity during the General Strike of 1926, that are totally irrelevant to the theme of the book. And the events of British imperial development, stripped to the bone of fact, are repeated seven times over.

The very choice of his biographical subjects appears to have been dictated by a concern for appealing presentation. Why choose Nehru rather than Gandhi? Evidently because Mr. Estorick, uneasy before Gandhi's spiritual force, could not make an effective story of his life. Why was Bevin slipped in at all? Primarily because the author has some trenchant and hardly favorable things to say about the ungrammatical Foreign Secretary. The biographies—and as a result, the book—are profoundly interesting, written with more sparkle than the earnest and scholarly Stafford Cripps evoked in Mr. Estorick's earlier biography, but only a skeleton of information about the changes in British colonial policy emerges.

Every judgment in the book is colored by the author's aversion to the policies of containment of the Soviet Union and restriction of intercourse with eastern Europe. He draws a moral from the peaceful transition of the British Empire. Why should not the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union fashion of the United Nations a super-commonwealth where all nations gather to discuss issues of international concern while eschewing interference in domestic matters? In such a "greater synthesis," East-West trade would flourish and the dollar crisis would fade into the limbo. So presumably would all the other little rifts, like control of atomic weapons, the struggle for Germany, and the future of Asia.

CAROL H. WEISS.

• REVIEWERS •

RUDOLF ALLERS' books include *The New Psychologies*, *Psychology of Character* and *The Successful Error*. He is professor of psychology at Georgetown University.

KELLY COOK was formerly a member of the English faculty at Notre Dame. He is now on the staff of an Iowa radio station.

HELENE ISWOLSKY is chairman of the Russian Department at Fordham. During the ten years preceeding the war she was a co-worker with Nicolas Berdyaev in the French Christian social revival.

HAROLD C. HINTON was one of the authors of the official War Department history of the Korean Occupation.

CAROL H. WEISS is an executive of a national community service organization.